

K. HENRY IV.

Thomas WITH Lady 1763

The HUMOURS of

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

A

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TRAGI-COMEDY.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



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Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry the Fourth,
Henry, Prince of Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
Prince John of Lancaster, }

Worcester,
Northumberland,
Hotspur,
Mortimer,
Archbishop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*
Dowglass,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,

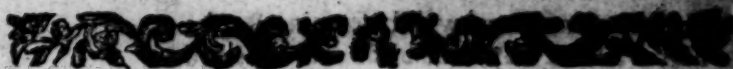
Westmorland,
Sir Walter Blunt, } *of the King's Party,*
Lords attending the King.
Sir John Falstaff.
Poins.
Gads-hill.
Peto.
Bardolph.



Lady Percy, Wife to Hotspur.
Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
Mortimer.
Hosts.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, T-
vellers, and Attendants.

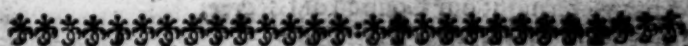
SCENE ENGLAND.



K. HENRY IV.

WITH

The HUMOURS of
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of
Westmorland, and others.*

King HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new Broils
To be commenc'd in Strands afar remote,
No more the thirsty Entrails of this Soil
Shall damp her Lips with her own Childrens Blood:
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the aimed Hoofs
Of Hostile Paces. Those opposed Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
And furious close of civil Butchery,

Shall now in mutual well-beseeming Ranks
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies;
 The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, Friends,
 As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
 Whole Soldiers now, under whose blessed Cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
 Forth with a power of *English* shall we levy,
 Whose arms were moulded in their Mother's womb
 To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,
 Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed Feet
 Which fourteen hundred Years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
 But this our purpose is a Twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
 Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
 What yesternight our Council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear Expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the Charge set down
 But yesternight: When all athwart there came
 A post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
 Whose worst was, That the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight,
 Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude Hands of that *Welshman* taken,
 And a thousand of his People butchered:
 Upon whose dead Corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless Transformation,
 By those *Welsh women* done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this Broil
 Break off our Business for the Holy Land?

West. This, match'd with other like; my gracious
 Far more uneven and unwelcome News (Lord,
 Came from the *North*, and thus it did report:
 On Holy-rod Day, the gallant *Hotspur* there,
 Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
 That ever valiant and approved *Scot*,

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody Hour:
As by discharge of their Artillery
And shape of likelihood the News was told.
For he that brought them, in the very Heat
And pride of their Contention, did take Horse,
Uncertain of the Issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious Friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each Soil,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth welcome News.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Bath'd in their own Blood did *Sir Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and eldest Son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earl of *Atol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an Honourable Spoil?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In faith it is,
West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
In envy that my Lord *Northumberland* (me sin,
Should be the Father of so blest a Son;
A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's Tongue:
Amongst a Grove, the very streightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the Praise of him,
See Riot and Dishonour stain the Brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping Fairy had exchange'd,
In Cradle Cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, *Coz*,
Of this young *Percy's* pride? The Prisoners,
Which he in his Adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

4 K. H E N R Y IV. and

West. This is his Uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all Aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The Crest of Youth against your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this Cause a while we must neglect
Our holy Purpose to *Jerusalem*,
Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windfor*, so inform the Lords,
But come your self with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of Anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of the Day is it, Lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so far-witted with drinking of old
Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping up-
on Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to
demand truly, which thou would'st truly know. What
a Devil hast thou to do with the time of the Day? unless
Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and
Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the Signs of
Leaping-Houses; and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot
Wench in flame colour'd Taffata; I see no reason why
thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of
the Day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*; For we
that take Purles, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not
by *Phœbus*, he, that wandering Knight so fair. And I pray
thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King, as God save thy
Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have
none.

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to
an Egg and Butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King,
let not us that are Squires of the Night's Body, be call'd
Thieves of the Day's Beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Fore-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon;
and

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. 7

and let me say, we be men of good Government, being govern'd as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whole Countenance we steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the Fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for Proof, now; A Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* Morning; got with swearing, Laid by; and spent with crying, Bring in: now in as low an Ebb, as the foot of the Ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, Lad: And is not my Hostess of the Taverna most sweet Wench?

P. Henry. As is the Honey, my old Lad of the Castle; and is not a Buff-Jerkin a most sweet Robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? How now mad Wag? What in thy Quips and thy Quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a Buff-Jerkin?

P. Henry. Why what a pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my Coin would stretch; where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent — But I prithee sweet Wag, shall there be a Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Henry. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a Gyb-Cat, or a Lugg'd Bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnshire* Paggpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to Hare, or the Melancholy of a Moor Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascaldest sweet young Prince. But, *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity; I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: An old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the Street, about you, Sir, but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the Street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for no Man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this Life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damned for never a King's Son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good Amendment of Life in thee, from Praying to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Watch. O, if Men were to be saved by Merit, what Hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, Stand to a true Man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir *John Sack* and Sugar?

Jack!

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 9

Jack! How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capons Leg?

P. Henry. Sir *John* stands to his Word, the Devil shall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy Word with the Devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But, my Lads, my Lads, to morrow Morning, by four a Clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purfes: I have Vizards for you all; you have Horses for your selves; *Gads-hill* lyes to night in *Rocheſter*. I have bespoke Supper to morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: If you will go, I will Stuff your Purfes full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will Chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither Honesty, Manhood, nor good Fellowship in thee, nor thou can'ſt not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'ſt not bid ſtand for ten Shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my Days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down ſuch Reaſons for this Adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the Spirit of Perſuaſion, and he the Ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, for Recreation ſake, prove a falſe Thief; for the poor Abuses of the time want Countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me in *East-cheap*.

10 K. HENRY IV. and

P. Henry. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel all hollown Summer.

(Exit Fal,

Poins. Now my good Sweet honey Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a Jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil,* and *Gads-bill*, shall rob those Men that we have already way laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a Place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themselves, which they have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horses, by our Habits, and by every other Appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the Wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce to immask our noted outward Garments

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fights longer than he sees Reason, I'll forswear Arms. The virtue of this Jest will be the incomprehensible Lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what Wards, what Blows, what Extremities he endured; and in the Reproof of this, lyes the Jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow Night in *East-chap.* where I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord.

(Exit Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and with a while uphold
The unyoak'd Humour of your Idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious Clouds
To smother up his Beauty, from the World;

That

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. II

That when again he please to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists
Of Vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the Year were playing Holidays,
'To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose Behaviour I throw off,
And pay the Debt I never promised;
By how much better than my Word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie Mens Hopes;
And like bright Metal on a sullen Ground
My Reformation glittering o'er my Fault
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
Than that which hath no soile to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make Offence a Skill,
Redeeming time, when Men think lest I will. (Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hot-
Spur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. My Blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these Indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my Patience: But be iure,
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my Condition,
Which hath been smooth as Oil, soft as young Down,
And therefore lost the Title of Respect,
Which the proud never pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our Houle, my Sovereign Liege, little deserves
The Scourge of Greatness to be used on it,
And that same Greatness too, which our own Hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My Lord. ———

K. Henry. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and Disobedience in thine Eye.
O Sir, your Presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majesty might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a Servant Brow:
You have good Leave to leave us. When we need

Your

Your Use and Counsel, we shall send for you.

You were about to speak _____ (Exit Worcester.
(To Northumberland.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highness Name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Where, as he says, not with such Strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty;
Who either through Envy, or Misprision,
Was guilty of this Fault, and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream Toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin new reap'd.
Shew'd like a Stubble Land at Harvest home

He was prefum'd like a Milliner,

And 'twixt his Fingers and his Thumb, he held

A Pouncet Box, which ever and anon

He gave his Nose and took't away again;

Who therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in Snuff and still he smil'd and talk'd;

And as the Soldiers bore dead Bodies by,

He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly, unhandsome Course

Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.

With many Holidays and Lady Terms.

He question'd me: Among the rest demanded

My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.

Then, all smarting with my Wounds, being cold,

To be so pester'd with a Poppingay,

Out of my Grief, and my Impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,

He should or should not; for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet;

And talk so like a Waiting-gentlewoman,

Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds; God save the Mark;

And telling me, the Sovereign'st thing on Earth

Was *Parmacety*, for an inward Bruise;

And that it was great Pity, so it was,

That

That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmles Earth,
Which many a good Fellow has destroy'd
So cowardly. And but for these vile Guns
He would himself have been a Soldier.
This bald, unjointed Chat of his, my Lord
Made me to answer indirectly, as I said,
And I beseech you, let not this Report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The Circumstance consider'd, good my Lord.
Whatever *Harry Percy*, then had said,
To such a Person, and in such a Place,
At such a Time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Proviso and Exception,
That we at our own Charge, shall ransom straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who, in my Soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The Lives of those that he did lead to fight,
Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*,
Whose Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason, and indent with Fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren Mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that Man my Friend,
Whose Tongue shall ask me for one Penny Cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*!
He never did fall off my Sovereign Liege,
But by the Chance of War; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one Tongue, for all those Wounds
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn's* Sedgic Bank,
In single Opposition Hand to Hand
He did confound the best part of an Hour

In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower* :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
 Upon agreement of swift *Severn's* Flood,
 Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
 And hid his crisped Head in a hollow Bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
 Never did base, and rotten Policy
 Colour her working with such deadly Wounds ;
 Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many, and all unwillingly ;
 Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou dost be-
 He never did encounter with *Glendower* ; (lie him ;
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the Devil alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed ? But, Sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest Means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
 We licence your Departure with your Son.
 Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

(Exit. *K. Henry.*)

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them. I will after straight
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my Heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my Head.

North. What, drunk with Choler ? stay and pause a
 Here comes your Uncle. (while,

Enter *Worcester.*

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer* ?

Yes, I will speak of him, and let my Soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
 In his behalf, I'll empty all those Veins,
 And shed my dear Blood Drop by Drop i'th' Dust,
 But I will lift the down-fall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
 mad.

(To *Worcester.*

War.

Wor. Who strook this Heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
And when I urg'd the Ransom once again
Of my Wife's Brother, then his Cheek look'd pale,
And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of Death,
Trembling even at the Name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose Wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon the *Irish* Expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose Death, we in the Worlds wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. (Mouth

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer* Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd,
But shal' it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his sake wore the detested Blot
Of murderous Subornations? Shall it be,
That you a World of Curses undergo,
Being the Agents, or base second Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
(O pardon, if that I descend to low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King.)
Shall it for Shame, be spoken in these Days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf;
As both of you, God pardon it, have done,
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bullingbroke*?
And shall it in more Shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him, for whom these Shames ye underwent?

No;

16 K. H E N R Y IV. and

No; yet Time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the World again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who studies Day and Night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your Deaths:
Therefore I say. —————

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret Book,
And to your quick conveying Di contents,
I'll read your Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of Peril and adventurous Spirit,
As to o'er walk a Current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a Spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim:
Send Danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour cross it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The Blood more stirs
To rouse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great Exploit,
Drives him beyond the Bounds of Patience.

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an easie Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fadom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rival, all her Dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin give me Audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you Mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your Prisoners —————

Hot. I'll keep them all.

By Heav'n, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his Soul, he shall not,
I'll keep them by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,

And

And lend no Ear unto my Purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom, *Mortimer*:

Forbad my Tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:

But I will find him when he lyes asleep,

And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.

Nay, I'll have a Starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give't him,

To keep his Anger still in Motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin: A Word.

Hot. All Studies here I solemnly desie,

Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbroke*:

And that same Sword and Buckler, Prince of *Wales*,

But that I think his Father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some Mischance,

I would have poison'd him with a Pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewel, Kinsman; I'll talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient Fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's Mood,

Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own? (Rods,

Hot. Why, Look you, I am whipt and scour'd with
Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbroke*:

In *Richard's* time ——— what d'ye call the Place? ———

A Plague upon't ——— it is in *Glostershire* ———

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his Uncle kept,

His Uncle *York* ——— where I first bow'd my Knees

Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbroke*;

When you and he came back from *Ravenspur*.

North. At *Barkly* Castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a gaudy deal of Courtesie

This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me!

Look when his infant Fortune came to Age, ———

And gentle *Harry Percy* ——— and kind Cousin ———

O, the Devil take such Couzeners ——— God forgive me ———

Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your Leisure.

Hot.

18 K. HENRY IV. and

Hot. I have done, insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* Prisoners,
Deliver them up without their Ransom freight,
And make the *Douglas* Son your only Means
For Powers in *Scotland*; which for divers Reasons
Which I shall send you written be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the Bosom creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Bishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True who bears hird
His Brother's Death at *Bristol*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in Estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the Face
Of that Occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life, it will do wonderous well.

North. Before the Game's a Foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble Plot,
And then the Powers of *Scotland* and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little Reason bids us speed,
To save our Heads, by raising of a Head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our Debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us Strangers to his Looks of Love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Than I by Letter shall direct your Course;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,

Where

Where you, and *Dowglass*, and our Powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own strong Arms,
Which now hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we shall thrive, I
trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the Hours be short,
'Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our Sport.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1. *Carrier.*

HEigh ho, an't be not four by the Day I'll be hang'd.
Charles wain is over the new Chimney, and yet our
Horse not packt. What, *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prithee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* Saddle, put a few
Flocks in the Point: The poor Jade is wrung in the
Withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beans are as dank here as a Dog, and
this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This
House is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* the Ostler dy'd.

1. *Car.* Poor Fellow never joy'd since the Price of
Oats rose, it was the Death of him.

2. *Car.* I think this is the most villainous House in all
London Road for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench! There's no'er a King in *Christ*
tendom. could be better bit, than I have been since the
first Cock.

3. *Car.*

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney: And your Chamberlye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two Razers of Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Paniers are quite starv'd. What Ostler? A Plague on thee, hast thou never an Eye in thy Head? Can'st not hear? An'twere not as good a Deed as drink, to break the Pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no Faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good Morrow, Carriers. What's a Clock?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gads. I prithee lend me thy Lanthorn, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a Trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy Lanthorn, quoth a! marry I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great Charge.

[*Ex. Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, *Chamberlain*?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick Purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of Purfes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the Plot, how.

Chamb. Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds current that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his Company last night at supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath a bundance of Charge too, God knows what; they are

up

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 21

up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St. Nicholas Clarks, I'll give thee this Neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I prithee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worship'st St. Nicholas as truly as a Man of falshood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the Hang-man? if I hang I'll make a fat pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no Starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for Sport sake, are content to do the Profession some Grace; that would, if Matters should be look'd into, for their own Credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-Staff six penny Strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-bu'd Malt-worms, but with Nobility and Tranquillity, Burgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will she hold out Water in foul Way?

Gads. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a Castle, Cock sure: we have the Receipt of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, than for the Fern-seed, for your walking invisible,

Gads. Give methy Hand.

Thou shalt have a Share in our purpose,
As I am a true Man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false Thief.

Gads. Goto, *Homo* is a common Name to all Men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the Stable. Farewel, yemuddy Knave,

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstaff's* Horse, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins, Poins,* and be hang'd *Poins.*

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascal, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins?* *Hal.*

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the Top of the Hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thief's Company: That Rascal hath remov'd my Horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four Foot by the Square futher afoot, I shall break my Wind. Well I doubt not but to die a fair Death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the Rogue's Company. If the Rascal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be else; I have drunk Medicines. *Poins! Hal!* A Plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve e'er I rob a Foot further. An 'twere not as good a Deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight Yards of uneven Ground, is threescore and ten Miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another. *[They Whistle.]*

Whew, a Plague light on you all. Give me my Horse? you Rogues, give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat Guts, lye down, lay thine Ear close to the Ground, and list if you can hear the Tread of Travellers,

Fal. Have you any Leavers to list me upagain being down? I'll not bear mine own Flesh so far a foot again, For all the Coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What a Plague mean you to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolled.

Fal.

Sir *JOHN FALSTAFF.* 23

Fal. I prithen, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my Horse, good King's Son.

P. Henry. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own Heir-apparent Garters; if I be taken, I'll peach for this; and I have not Bal-lads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of sack be my poison; when a Jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my Will.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his Voice;

Bardolph. What News?

Bard. Case ye case ye; on with your Vizards, there's Moneey of the King's coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane; Ned and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a Coward, Sir *John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunts*, your Grand-father; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. We'll leave that to the Proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horse stands behind the Hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our Disguises?

Poins. Here hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole say I? every Man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy shall lead our Hor-
ses

ses down the Hill: Wee'll walk afoot a while, and ease our Legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Jesu blefs us.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the Villains Throats; ah! whorson Catterpillars; Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellyed Knaves, are you undone? No ye fat Chuffs, I would your store were here. On Bacons on? what ye Knaves? Young Men must live? you are Grand Jurors. We'll Jure ye i' faith

[Here they rob them and bind them.]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the Truemen: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to London, it would be Argument for a week, Laughter for a Month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to Horse before Day; an the Prince and Poins be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more Valour in that Poins, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Money.

Poins. Villains.

(As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, leaving the Booty behind them.)

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Thieves are scattered, and possess'd with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaff sweats to Death, and Lards the lean Earth as he walks along; wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine own Part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our House.— He shews in this, he loves his

his own Barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The Purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this Nettle, Danger; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again; you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our Plot is as good a Plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and constant. A good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation? An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the Plot, and the general Course of the Action. By this Hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my self, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides, the Dowglass? Have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month? And are there not some of them set forward already? what a Pagan Rascal is this? An Infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of Fear and cold Heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a Dish of Skim'd-Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two Hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what Offence have I this Fortnight been A banish'd Woman from my Harry's Bed? Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy Stomach, Pleasure, and thy golden Sleep? Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the Earth And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh Blood in thy Cheeks? And given my Treasures and my Rights of thee,

B

To

To Thick ey'd Musing, and curst Melancholly?
 In thy faint Slumbers, I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur Tales of Iron Wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding Steed,
 Cry Courage! to the Field! and thou hast talk'd
 Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, and Tents,
 Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets;
 Of Basilisks, of Cannon, Culverin,
 Of Prisoners Ransom, and of Soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy Spirit within thee hath been so at War,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy Sleep,
 That Beads of Sweat hath stood upon thy Brow,
 Like Bubbles in a late disturbed Stream;
 And in thy Face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when Men restrain their Breath,
 On some great sudden haste: O what Portents are these?
 Some heavy Business hath my Lord in Hand,
 And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hor. What ho; is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an Hour ago, (riss?)

Hor. Hath *Butler* brought these Horses from the She-

Serv. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hor. What Horse? A Roan, a Crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hor. That Roan shall be my Throne. Well, I will
 back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth
 into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hor. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it that carries you away?

Hor. Why, my Horse, my Love, my Horse.

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weasel hath not
 such a deal of Spleen, as you are toft with. In sooth I'll
 know your Business, *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Bro-
 ther *Mortimer* doth stir, about his Title, and hath sent
 for you to line his Enterprize if you go —

Hor. So far afoot, I shall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me di-
 rectly unto this Question, that I shall ask. Indeed I'll
 break

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 27

break thy little Finger, *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell thee true.

Hot. Away, away, you Trifler: Love! I love thee not, I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no World To play with Mammets, and to tilt with Lips!

We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crowns, And pass them currant too — Gods me, my Horse. (me) What say'st thou, *Kate*? What would'st thou have with

Lady. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed? Well, do not then. For since you love me not, I will not love my self. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a Horse-back, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*, I must not have you henceforth question me, Whither I go; nor reason where about. Whither I must, I must; and to conclude, This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no further wise Then *Harry Piercy's* Wife. Constant you are, But yet a Woman; and for Secresie, No Lady closer. For I believe, Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know; And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an Inch further. But hark you *Kate*! Whither I go, thither shall you go too. To day will I set forth, to morrow you. Will this content, you *Kate*!

Lady. It must of force. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, Prithee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogheads. I have founded the very base string of Humility. Sirrah, I am sworn Brother to a Leash of Drawers, and can call them by their Names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their

their Confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Curtlie*; telling me flatly, I am not proud like *Jack Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy; and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying *Scarlet*; and when you break in your warring, then they cry *Pem*, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a Proficient in one quarter of an Hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my Life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which Name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my Hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his Life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and, *Your welcome Sir*: with this shrill Addition, *Anon Sir, Anon Sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Half Moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaff* come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-Room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: Step aside and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

Enter Francis the Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgracet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth five Years and as much as to——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five Years; Berlady, a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a fair pair of Heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the Books in *England*, I could find in my Heart——

Poins. Francis.

Fran.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be—

Poins. *Francis.*

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a Pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand Pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*! No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thursday*, or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern Jerkin, Christal Button, Not-pated, Aga-tring, Pukestocking, Caddice-Garter, Smooth-tongue, *Spanish* Pouch?

Fran. O Lord, Sir? who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown Bastard is your only Drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas Doublet will sully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. *Francis.*

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear them call? *(Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.)*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the Guest within: My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a Dozen more are at the Door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the Door. *Poins.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the Thieves are at the Door; shall we be merry?

Poins.

Poins. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning Match have you made with this Jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the Issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all Humours; that have shew'd themselves Humours, since the old Days of Goodman Adam, to the Pupil Age of this present twelve a Clock at Midnight.

What's a Clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow should have fewer Words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His Industry is up Stairs and down Stairs; his Eloquence the parcell of a Reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* Mind, the Hot-spur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven Dozen of *Scots* at a Breakfast, washes his Hands and says to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet Life, I want Work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to Day? Give my roan Horse a Drench, says he, and answer, some fourteen, an Hour after; a Trifle, a Trifle. I prithee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, says the Drunkard. Call in *Ribs*, call in *Tallow*.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a Cup of Sack, Boy. E'er I lead this Life long, I'll sow nether-Socks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a Dish of Butter, pitiful hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that Com-pound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villainous Men; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with Lime. A villainous Coward——go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then I am a shotten Her-ring: There lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the

he While, a bad World I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could Sing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Woolfack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger or Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geese, I'll never wear Hair on my Face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you whorson round Man! what's the Matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat Paunch, an ye call me Coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll see thee damn'd e'er I call thee Coward; but I would give thee a thousand Pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the Shoulders, you care not who sees your Back: Call you that backing of your Friends? a plague upon such backing; give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to Day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. *(He drinks.)*
A plague of all Cowards, still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the Matter?

Fal. What's the Matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand Pound this Morning.

P. Henry. Where is it *Jack*? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, Man?

Fal. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by Miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, four through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do! A plague of all Cowards——— Let them speak; if they speak more or less than Truth, they are Villains and the Sons of Darknes.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some Dozen.

Fal. Sixteen at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a *Jew* else, an *Hebrew Jew*.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh Men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call All; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckram Suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lie, spit in my Face, call me Horse; thou know'st my old Ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my Point; four Rogues in Buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven Points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In Buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in Buckram Suits.

Fal. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a Villain else.

P. Henry. Prithee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to: These nine in Buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their Points being broken——

Poins.

Poins. Down fell his Hose.

Fal. Began to give me Ground; but I follow'd me close, came in Foot and Hand, and with a Thought seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! Eleven Buckram Men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil wou'd have it, three mis-begotten Knaves, in Kendal Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy Hand.

P. Henry. These Lies are like the Father that begets them, gross as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Fool, thou whorson obscene greasie Tallow-Catch.

Fal. What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the Truth the Truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these Men in Kendal Green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come tell us your Reason: What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your Reason, *Jack*, your Reason?

Fal. What, upon Compulsion? No; were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on Compulsion. Give you a Reason on Compulsion! if Reasons were as plenty as Black-Berries, I would give no Man a reason upon Compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this Sin. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Horseback-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Fal. Away you Starveling, you Elfe-skin, you dry'd Neats-Tongue, Bull-pissel, you Stock-fish: O for Breath to utter what is like thee? You Tailor's Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-Case, you vile standing Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tyr'd thy self in base Comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poins. Mark *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: Mark now, how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a Word, outfac'd you from your
Briar,

Prize, and have, it, yea. and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaff*, you carry'd your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick Dexterity, and roard'd for Mercy, and still ran and roard'd, as ever I heard a Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What Trick? What Device? What starting Hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent Shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear *Jack*: what Trick hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upen the true Prince? why thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware *Instinct*, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: *Instinct* is a great Matter. I was a Coward on *Instinct*: I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou, for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you; he says, he comes from your Father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal Man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Host. An old Man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his Answer?

P. Henry. Prithce do, *Jack*.

Fal.

Fal. Faith and I'll send him a packing. (Exit.)

P. Henry. Now Sirs, you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolph*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon Instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me, now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and perswaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our Noses with Spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslubber our Garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true Men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous Devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stoltest a Cup of Sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the Manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *Extempore*; thou hadst Fire and Sword on thy Side, and yet thou rankest away: What Instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? Do you behold these Exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot Livers, and cold Purles.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes comes lean *Jack*, here comes Bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own Knee?

Fal. My own Knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the Waste, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-Ring: A plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder. There's villainous news abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must go to the Court in the Morning. That same mad Fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made
Luci-

Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Devil his true Liege-Man upon the Cross of a *Welsh*-hook: What a plague call you him——

Poins. Owen, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Norshumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots, Dowglass*, that runs a Horse-back up a Hill perpendicular——

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Rascal hath good Metal in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a Rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A Horseback, ye Cuckow, but a foot he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon Instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon Instinct: Well he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue Caps more. *Worcester* is stoln away by night: Thy Father's Beard is turn'd white with the News: You may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy Maidenheads as they buy Hob-nails, by the Hundred.

Fal. By the Mass, Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three Enemies again, as that Fiend *Dowglass*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit: I lack some of thy Instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'st to thy Father: If thou do love me, practise an Answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the Particulars of my Life.

Fal. Shall I? content: This Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Thy Seat is taken for a joint-Stool, thy golden Scepter, for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambyses* vein.

P. Henry. Well, here's my Leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech; stand aside Nobility.

Hof. This is excellent Sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling Tears are vain.

Hof. O the Father, how he holds his Countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my tristful Queen, for Tears do stop the Flood-gates of her Eyes.

Hof. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry Players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-brain—
Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows: yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my Son; I have partly thy Mother's Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villainous Trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. It then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the Point? why, being Son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Son of Heaven prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a Question not to be ask'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Thief, and take Purfes? a Question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry,* which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land; by the Name of Pitch: This Pitch, as ancient Writers do report, doth defile; so doth the Company thou keepest; for *Harry,* now do I not speak to thee in Drink, but in Tears, not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words only, but in Woes also; and yet there is a virtuous Man, whom I have oft noted in thy Company, but I know not his Name.

P. Henry. What manner of Man, and it like your Majesty?

Fal.

Fal. A goodly portly Man i'faith, and corpulent; of a cheerful Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his Age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*; If that Man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see virtue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is Virtue in that *Falstaff*; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this Month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in Word and Matter, hang me up by the Heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulterers Hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my Masters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. I faith, my Lord, they are false — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swear'st thou ungracious Boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man: a Tun of Man is thy Companion. Why dost thou converse with that Trunk of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastliness, that swollen Parcel of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that stuff Cloak-bag of Guts, that roasted Manning-Tree Ox with the Puddings in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in Years. Wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it; Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in Craft? Wherein crafty, but in Villany? wherein villainous, but in all Things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: Whom means your Grace?

P. Henry,

P. Henry. That villainous abominable Mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaff*, that old white bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old the more's the pity, his white Hairs do witness it: But that he is saving your Reverence, a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a Fault, Heav'n help the Wicked: if to be old and merry be a Sin, then many an old Host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah's* lean Kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* Company, banish not him thy *Harry's* Company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the Door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddlestick: What's the Matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear *Hal*? never call a true piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward without Instinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk

40 K. H E N R Y IV. and

walk above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their Date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

(Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolf, &c.)

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your Will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath follow'd certain Men into this House.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a gros fat Man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you is not here, For I my self at this time have imploy'd him; And, Sheriff, I will engage my Word to thee, That I will, by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any Man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these Men, He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good Night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clock.

[Exit.]

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as *Pauis*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? Fast asleep behind the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his Breath: search his Pockets.

(He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain Papers.)

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon; 2 s. 2 d.

Item,

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 41

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two Gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, a Half-penny.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one half Penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deal of Sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep 'till Day. I'll to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the Wars, and thy Place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his Death will be a March of Twelvescore. The Money shall be paid back again with Advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning; and so good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. (Exeunt.)

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mor. **T**Hese Promises are fair, the Parties sure,
And our Induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?

And Uncle Worcester ——— A plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;
Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin *Hotspur*:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
His Cheeks look pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heav'n.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears *Owen Glendower*
(spoke of.)

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my Nativity,
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning Creslets; and at my Birth,

The

The frame and the foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would have done at the same Season, if
your Mother's Cat had but kitten'd, thou your self had
never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my Mind;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shook to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange Eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Wind
Within her Womb; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down
Steeple, and moss-grown Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having the Distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin; of many Men
I do not bear these Crossings: Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened Fields:
These Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the Courses of of my Life do shew,
I am not in the Roll of common Men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea
That chides the Banks of *England, Scotland, and Wales,*
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deep Experiments.

Hot. I think there's no Man speaks better *Welsh*.
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty Deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any Man:
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 43

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command
[the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee Cousin, to shame the Devil,
By telling Truth. *Tell Truth and shame the Devil.*

If thou have Power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have Power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbroke made head
Against my Power; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and Weather beaten back.

Hot. Home, without Boots, and in foul Weather too!
How 'scapes he Agues in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map: shall we divide our
According to our threefold order ta'en? (Right,

Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*; and dear Coz to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

A Business that this Night may execute,

To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,

And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,

To meet your Father, and the *Scottish* Power,

As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.

My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen Days:

Within that space, you may have drawn together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:

And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hot

44 K. H E N R Y IV. and

Hot. Methinks my Moicty, North from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half-Moon, a monstrous Cattle out.
I'll have the Currant in this place dam'd up:
And here the smug, and silver *Trent* shall run
In a new Channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep Indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bears his Course,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposing Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not,

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you.

For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the Harp
Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well.
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament;
A Virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my Heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same Meeter-ballad-mongers,
I had rather hear a Brazen Candlestick tun'd,
Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axel-tree,
And that would set my Teeth on Edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd Gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much Land
To any well deserving Friend;
But in the way of bargain mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a Hair.
Are the Indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moon shines fair,
You may away by Night:
I'll haste the Writer, and withal,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. (*Exit.*)

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you cross my Father.

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finless Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me up last Night, at least nine Hours,
In reck'ning up the several Devils Names,
That were his Lackies:

I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tir'd Horse, or a railing Wife,
Worse than a smoaky House. I had rather live
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill far,
Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments:
Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
And as bountiful as Mines of *India*.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high Respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural Scope,
When you do cross his humour; faith he does.

I warrant you, that Man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger, and reproof.
 But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
 And since your coming hither, have done enough,
 To put him quite beside his Patience:
 You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
 Though sometimes it shews Greatness, Courage, Blood,
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
 The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
 Loseth Mens hearts, and leaves behind a stain.
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd:
 Good-manners be your speed;
 Here come our Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me;
 My Wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weeps, she'll not part with you,
 She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the Wars.

Mor. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
 Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.
(Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.)

Glend. She is desperate here:
 A peevish self-will'd Harlotry,
 One that no Perswasion can do good upon.

(The Lady speaks in Welsh.)

Mor. I understand thy Looks; that pretty Welsh,
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heav'ns;
 I am too perfect in, and but for shame,
 In such a parly should I answer thee.

(The Lady again in Welsh.)

Mor. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeble Disputation:
 But I will never be a Truant, Love,

'Till

'Till I have learn'd thy Language: For thy Tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summer's Bower,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, it thou melt, then will she run mad.

(The lady speaks again in Welsh.)

Mor. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,

On the wanton Rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lap,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-Lids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your Blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The Hour before the heav'nly harness'd Team
Begins his golden Progress in the East.

Mor. With all my Heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our Book, I think be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thousand Leagues from hence;
Yet streight they shall be here: Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy Goose. *(The Musick plays.)*

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh*,
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous:
By'r lady he's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musical,
For you are altogether govern'd by Humours:
Lie still ye Thief, and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear, Lady, my Brach howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a Woman's Fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot.

48 K. H E N R Y IV. and

Hot. Peace, she sings.

(Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth,

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth!

You swear like a Confit-maker's Wife,
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as Day:
And givest such Sarcenet surety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than *Finsbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath, and leave Insooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-Bread,
To Velvet Guards, and *Sunday-Citizens*.
Come sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Tailor, or to be Red-
breast Teacher: An the Indentures be drawn, I'll away
within these two Hours: And so come in when ye will.

(Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go,
By this our Book is drawn: We will but seal,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mor. With all my Heart.

(Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

King Henry.

Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Must have some private Conference.
But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

(Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heav'n will have it so,
For some displeasing Service I have done;
That in his secret Doom, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy Passages of Life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot Vengeance, and the Rod of Heav'n

To

To punish my miss-treadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low Desires,
 Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean Attempts,
 Such barren Pleasures, rude Society,
 As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the Greatness of thy Blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry*. So please your Majesty, I would I could
 Quit all Offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as I am doubtless, I can purge
 My self of many I am charg'd withal :
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As in reproof of many Tales devis'd,
 Which oft the Ear of Greatness needs must hear,
 By smiling Pick-thanks, and base News-mongers;
 I may for some things true wherein my Youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true Submission.

K. *Henry*. Heav'n pardon thee:
 Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
 At thy Affections, which do hold a Wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
 Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd ;
 And art almost an Alien to the Hearts
 Of all the Court and Princes of my Blood.
 The Hope and Expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the Eyes of Men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar Company ;
 Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless Banishment,
 A Fellow of no Mark nor Likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But like a Comet, I was wondred at ;
 That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
 Others would say, Where? which is *Bullingbroke*?
 And then I stole all Courtisie from Heav'n,

And drest my self in such Humility,
 That I did pluck Allegiance from Mens Hearts,
 Loud Shouts and Saluration from their Mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.
 Thus I did keep my Person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wondred at; and so my State,
 Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
 And won by rareness such Solemnity.
 The skipping King he ambled up and down,
 With shallow Jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt, carded his State,
 Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
 Had his great Name profaned with their Scorns,
 And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
 To laugh at gybing Boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative;
 Grew a Companion to the common Streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
 That being daily swallowed by Mens Eyes,
 They surfeited with Honey, and began to loath
 The taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little, is by much too much;
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such Eyes,
 As sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on Sun-like Majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring Eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,
 Slept in his Face, and rendred such Aspect
 As cloudy Men use to their Adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very Line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation. Not an Eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine which hath desir'd to see thee more:
 Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
 Make blind it self with foolish Tendernefs.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set forth to *Ravensburg*;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy Interest to the State
Than thou, the Shadow of Succession,
For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
He doth fill Fields with Harness in the Realm,
Turns head against the Lion's armed Jaws;
And being no more in Debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
To bloody Battels, and to brusing Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Dowglass*, whose high deeds,
Whose hot IncurSIONs, and great Name in Arms,
Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
And military Title Capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars*, in swathing Cloaths,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Dowglass*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
And shake the Peace and Safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-bishop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglass*, and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest Enemy?
Thou art like enough, through Vassal Fear,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleen,
To fight against me under *Percy's* Pay,
To dog his Heels, and curtsie at his Frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so.
And Heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me:

52 K. H E N R Y IV. and

I will redeem all this on *Percy's* Head,
 And in the closing of some glorious Day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your Son,
 When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
 And stain my Favours in a bloody Mask:
 Which washt away, shall scour my Shame with it.
 And that shall be the Day, when e'er it lights,
 That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
 For every Honour sitting on his Helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my Head
 My Shames redoubled. For the time will come,
 That I shall make this *Northern* Youth exchange
 His glorious Deeds for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
 T'engross up glorious Deeds on my behalf:
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every Glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest Worship of his Time,
 Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
 This, in the Name of Heav'n, I promise here:
 The which if I perform, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may save
 The long-grown Wounds of my Intemperance;
 If not, the end of Life cancels all Bonds,
 And I will die a hundred thousand Deaths,
 Ere break the smallest Parcel of this Vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this:
 Thou shalt have Charge, and Sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? Thy Looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the Bus'ness that I come to speak of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
 That *Dowglas* and the *English* Rebels met
 The eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
 A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
 If promises be kept on every Hand,
 As ever offered foul play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to Day:
 With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,

For

For this Advertisement is five Days old.
 On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
 On *Thursday*, we ourselves will march.
 Our meeting is *Bridgnorth*: And *Harry*, you
 Shall march through *Glocestershire*; By which account,
 Our Business valued, some twelve Days hence,
 Our general Forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
 Our Hands are full of Business: Let's away,
 Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this last
 Action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why my Skin
 hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gown: I am wi-
 thered like an old Apple *John*. Well I'll repent, and sud-
 denly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of Heart
 shortly, and then I shall have no Strength to repent. And
 I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made
 of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horse; the inside of a
 Church! Company, villainous Company hath been the
 spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live
 long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy Song
 to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a Gen-
 tleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little, dic'd
 not above seven times a Week, went to a Bawdy-
 house not above once in a Quarter of an Hour; paid
 Money that I borrow'd three or four times; liv'd well, and
 in good Compass; and now I live out of all order, out of
 Compass.

Bard. Why you are so fat Sir *John*, that you must
 needs be out of all Compass, out of all reasonable Compass
 Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my life.
 Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the
 Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of
 the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a Man doth of a Death's-head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, and *Divels* that liv'd in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should be *by this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sun of utter Darknes. When thou rann'st up *Gads-hill* in the Night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Mony. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bonfire Light; thou hast sayed me a thousand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, at the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with Fire, any time this two and thirty Years, Heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? Do you think I keep Thieves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tigt of a Hair was never lost in my House before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a Hair, and I'll be sworn my Pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a Woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own House before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; You owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a Dozen of Shirts to your Back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Host.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 55

Hof. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of Eight Shillings an Ell: You owe Mony here besides, Sir *John*, for your Diet and by Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? Look upon his Face: what call you rich? Let him coin his Nose, let him coin his Cheeks, I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty Marks.

Hof. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-Cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry marching and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now, Lad? is the Wind in that Door? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* Fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honest Man.

Hof. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithce let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other Night I fell asleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: This House is tun'd Bawdy-house, they pick Pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? Three or four Bonds of forty Pound a-piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A Trifle, some Eight-penny-Matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you.

you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more Faith in thee than in a stew'd Preen nor no more Truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for Woman-hood, Maid-Mar'an may be the Deputies Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? What thing?

Fal. What thing? Why a thing to thank Heav'n on.

Host. I am nothing to thank Heav'n on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest Man's Wife; and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a Knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what Beast, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beast? why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither Fish nor Flesh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust Man in saying so; thou, or any Man, knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other Day, you ow'd him a thousand Pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand Pound?

Fal. A thousand Pound, *Hal*? A Million; thy love is worth a Million: Thou ow'st me thy Love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a Man I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's Whelp.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'st thou think I'll tear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay, if I do, let my Girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy Guts fall about thy Knees. But, Sirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this Bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy Pocket! why thou whorson impudent, imboist Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket, but Tavern Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdy-houses, and one poor Penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy Pockets were enrich'd with any other Injuries but these, I am a Villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the Days of Villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another Man, and therefore more Frailty. You confess then you pickt my Pocket!

P. Henry. It appears so by the Story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee;

Go make ready Breakfast; love thy Husband;
Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests;
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest Reason;
Thou seest, I am pacify'd still.
Nay, I prithee be gone.

[Exit Hostess.]

Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court for the Robbery, Lad?
How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet Beef,
I must still be good Angel to thee.
The Mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double Labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and may
do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st
and do it with un-wash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph.*

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

To my Brother *John*, This to my Lord of *Westmorland*. Go *Peto*, to Horse; for thou, and I, Have thirty Miles to ride yet ere Dinner time.

Jack, meet me to Morrow in the *Temple-Hall*

At two a Cock in the Afternoon,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Mony, and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high, And either they, or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words; brave World:

Hostess, my Breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglass.

Hot. **W**ELL said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking Truth In this fine Age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the *Dowglass* have, As not a Soldier of this Seasons stamp, Should go so general currant through the World, By Heav'n I cannot flatter: I desire The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

59

In my Heart's love, hath no man than your self.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No Man so potent breaths upon the Ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so; and 'tis well—What Letters hast thou
I can but thank you. (there—

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grievous sick.

Hot. How! Has he the leisure to be sick now,
In such a justling time? Who leads his Power?
Under whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letters bears his Mind, not I his Mind,

Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four Days 'ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by Sicknefs had been visited;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? Droop now? This Sicknefs doth in—
The very Life-blood of our Enterprife, (see
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here that inward Sicknefs—

And that his Friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn: Nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small Conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly posselt
Of all our Purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Father's Sicknefs is a maim to us.

Hot.

Hot. A perilous Gash, a very Limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one Cast? To set so rich a Mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtful Hour,
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Lift, the very utmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet Reversion.
We may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendezvous, a Home to flie-unto;
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here:
The Quality and heir of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that knows not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For well you know, we of th' offending side,
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The Eye of Reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here: for Men must think,
If we without his help can make a Head,
To push against the Kingdom; with his help,

We shall o'erturn it topsie-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As heart can think ; there is not such a word
Spoken of in *Scotland*, as this dream of fear.

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, Lord,
The Earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaster*.

Hot. No harm ; what more ?

Ver. And farther, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too : where is his son ?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that dash the World aside
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All turnisht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like *Estridges*, that with the wind
Baited like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd :
Glittering in Golden coats like images,
As full of Spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry*, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the Ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the World with noble Horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the Sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish agues ; let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit
Up to the Ears in Blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,

And

And yet not ours. Come let me take my Horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall, and horse to horse
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a carse:
 Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more news:

I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.

Dow. That's the worst tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
 The pow'r of us may serve so great a Day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily:
 Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
 Of Death, or Death's Hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a
 bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through: we'll
 to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make
 twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coynage, Bid my
 lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a sow'd
 gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's press damnably. 'I
 have got in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers,
 three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but
 good householders, yeomens sons; enquire me out
 contracted batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on
 the banes: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had
 as live hear the devil, as a drum; such as fear the report
 of

of a culverin, worse than a struck-fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads, and they have bought out their services: and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers: revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient, and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swinekeeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such skare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had shackles on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a-half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host of *St. Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad wag, what a devil dost thou in *Warwickshire*? my good Lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal cream.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft have already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV. At Shrewsbury.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglass, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin be advis'd, stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dow. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglass*: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear.

As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battel,

Which of us fears.

Dow.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horse
Of my cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,
Your uncle *Worcester's* horse came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half, half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

(The Trumpets sound a parley.)

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality;
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my Charge.— The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Grievs, and whereupon
You conjure from the Breast of civil Peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Grievs; and with all speed
You shall have your Desires, with Interest:
And Pardon absolute for your self, and these,

Herein

Herein mis-led by your Suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind:

And well we know the King
Knows at what time to Promise, when to Pay.
My Father, my Uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears :
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the Worlds regard, wretched and low ;
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the Shore :
And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With Tears of Innocency, and terms of Zeal :
My Father, in kind Heart and Pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Bouroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages follow'd him,
Even at the Heels, in golden Multitudes.
He presently, as Greatness knows it self,
Steps me a little higher than his Vow
Made to my Father while his Blood was poor,
Upon the naked Shore at *Raven/purg* :
And now, forthsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Commonwealth ;
Cries out upon Abuses, seems to weep
Over his Country's Wrongs ; and by his Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the *Irish* War.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 67

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life :
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole State.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
 Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There, without Ransom, to lie forfeited :
 Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
 Sought to intrap me by Intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Council Board,
 In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
 Broke Oath on Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
 And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This Head of safety ; and withal, to pry
 Into his Title ; the which we find
 Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King ?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*. We'll withdraw a while :
 Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again :

And in the Morning early shall my Uncle
 Bring him our purpose ; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hot. And't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed Brief,
 With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
 This to my Cousin *Screop*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed.
 If you knew how much they do import,
 You wou'd make haste.

Sir Michell. My good Lord, I guess their tenour.

York. Like enough you do.

To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a Day,
 Wherein the Fortune of ten thousand Men
 Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The King, with mighty and quick-raised Power,
 Meets with Lord *Harry* ; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,

What

What with the Sickneſs of *Northumberland*,
 Whoſe Power was in the firſt Proportion ;
 And what with *Owen Glendower's* abſence thence,
 Who with them was rated firmly too,
 And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
 I fear the Power of *Percy* is too weak,
 To wage an inſtant trial with the King.

Sir Michell. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
 There is *Dowglaſs*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Michell. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry*
 And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, (Percy,
 And a Head of gallant Warriors,
 Noble Gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawn
 The ſpecial Head of all the Land together :
 The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
 The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt* ;
 And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
 Of Eſtimation, and command in Arms.

Sir Michell. Doubt not, my Lord he ſhall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no leſs : Yet needful 'tis to fear,
 And to prevent the worſt, *Sir Michell* ſpeed ;
 And if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
 Diſmiſs his Power he means to viſit us ;
 For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
 And, 'tis but Wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him :
 Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
 To other Friends ; and ſo farewel, *Sir Michell.* (Exeunt.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lan-
 caſter, Earl of *Westmorland*, *Sir Walter Blunt*, and
Falſtaff.

K. Henry. **H**OW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
 Above yon buſky Hill : the Day looks pale
 At

At his Distemperature.

P. Henry. The Southern Wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his Purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring Day.

K. Henry. Then with the Losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem sower to them that win.

(The Trumpet sounds.)

Enter Worcester.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of *Wor'ster*? 'Tis not
That you and I shou'd meet upon such terms, (well,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trust,
And made us doff our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old Limbs in ungentle Steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish Knot of all-abhorred War?
And move in that obedient Orbagain,
Where you did give a fare and natural Light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A Prodigy of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Mischief, to the unborn Times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part I could be well content
To entertain the Lag-end of my Life
With quiet Hours: For I do protest,
I have not sought the Day of this dislike. (then?

K. Henry. You have not fought it; how comes it
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your Looks
Of Favour, from my Self, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my Staff of Office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and posted Day and Night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your Hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I:
It was my self, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare

The danger of the time. You swore to us,
 And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
 Nor claim no further, than your new fal'n Right,
 The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
 To this, we swear our Aid: But in short space,
 It rain'd down Fortune, showing on your Head,
 And such a Flood of Greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent King,
 What with the Injuries of wanton Time,
 The seeming Sufferances that you had born,
 And the contrarious Winds that held the King
 So long in the unlucky *Irish* Wars,
 That all in *England* did repute him dead;
 And from this swarm of fair Advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
 To gripe the general sway into your Hand:
 Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster*,
 And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
 As that ungentle Gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
 Useth the sparrow, did oppress our Nest,
 Grew by our feeding to so great a Bulk,
 That even our Love durst not come near your Sight
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble Wing
 We were inforc'd for safety's sake, to fly
 Out of your Sight, and raise this present Head,
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you your self have forg'd against your self,
 By unkind Usage, dangerous Countenance,
 And violation of all Faith and Troth
 Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the Garment of Rebellion
 With some fine Colour, that may please the Eye
 Of fickle Changelings, and poor Discontents,
 Which gape and rub the Elbow at the News
 Of hurly burly Innovation:
 And never yet did Insurrection want
 Such Water-colours, to impaint his Cause;
 Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time

Sir *JOHN FALSTAFF.* 71

Of pell-mell Havock, and Confusion.

P. Henry. In both our Armaies, there is many a Soul
Shall pay tull dearly for this Encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
In praise of *Henry Percy* : by my Hopes,
(This present enterprize set off his Head,)
I do not think a braver Gentleman^{er}
More Active, Valiant, or more valiant Young,
More daring, or more bold is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble Deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my Shame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry.
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my Father's Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great Name and Estimation,
And will, to save the Blood on either side,
Try Fortune with him in a single Fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture
Albeit, Considerations infinite (thee,
Do make against it : No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
We love our People well; even those we love
That are mis-led upon your Cousin's part :
And will they take the offer of our Grace ;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with Reply,
We offer fair, take it advisedly. (*Exit Worcester.*)

P. Henry. It will not be accepted on my Life.
The *Dowglass* and the *Hot-spur* both together,
Are confident against the World in Arms. (*Charge.*)

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his
For on their Answer will we set on them :
And God befriends us, as our Cause is just. (*Exeunt.*)

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, If thou see me down in the Bartel,

And

And bestride me, so; 'tisa Point of Friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that
Say thy Prayers, and farewell. (Friendship:

Fal. I would it were Bed time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest Heav'n a Death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would he loth to pay him before his Day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then? can Honour set too a Leg? No. Or an Arm? No. Or take away the Grief of a Wound? No. Honour hath no Skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that Word Honour? Air; A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberal kind Offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his Word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this Offence in other Faults:
Suspicion, all our Lives, shall be struck full of Eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his Ancestors;
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our Looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a Stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My Nephew's Trespas may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of Youth, and heat of Blood,
And an adopted Name of Privilege,

A hare-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
 All his Offences live upon my Head,
 And on his Father's. We did train him on,
 And his Corruption being ta'en from us,
 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
 Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know;
 In any case, the Offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
 Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglass.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
 Deliver up my Lord of *Westmorland*.
 Uncle, what News?

Wor. The King will bid you Battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglass*; go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and very willingly.

(Exit Dowglass.)

Wor. There is no seeming Mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
 Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
 With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglass.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have throw'd
 A brave Defiance in King *Henry's* Teeth:
 And *Westmorland* that was engag'd did bear it,
 Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
 And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single Fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
 And that no Man might draw short Breath to Day,
 But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
 How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in Contempt?

Ver. No by my Soul: I never in my Life
 Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
 Unless a Brother should a Brother dare,
 To gentle exercise and proof of Arms.
 He gave you all the Duties of a Man,

Trim'd up your Praises with a princely Tongue,
 Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
 Making you ever better than his Praise,
 By still dispraising Praise, valu'd with you:
 And which became him like a Prince indeed,
 He made a blushing Cital of himself,
 And chide his trewant Youth so with a Grace,
 As if he master'd there a double Spirit
 Of teaching and of learning instantly:
 There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
 If he out-live the Envy of this Day,
 England did never owe so sweet a Hope,
 So much misconstrued in his Wontonnests.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
 On his Follies; never did I hear
 Of any Prince so wild at Liberty.
 But be he as he will, yet once ere Night
 I will embrace him with a Soldier's Arm,
 That he shall shrink under my Courtesie.
 Arm, arm with speed. And Fellows, Soldiers, Friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the Gift of Tongue,
 Can lift your Blood up with Persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 Tho' Life did ride upon a dial's Point,
 Still ending at the Arrival of an Hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
 If die; brave Death, when Princes die with us.
 Now for our Consciences; the Arms are fair,
 When the Intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my Tale;
 For I profess not talking: Only this,
 Let each Man do his best. And here I draw my Sword,
 Whose worthy Temper I intend to stain
 With the best Blood that I can meet withal,

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 75

In the adventure of this perilous Day.
Now Esperance, *Hercy*, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of War,
And by that Musick, let us all embrace:
For Heav'n to Earth, some of us never shall,
A second time do such a courtesie.

They Embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound, the King entereth with his Power; alarm unto the Battel. Then enter Dowglass and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy Name, that in Battel thus thou
crossest me?

What Honour dost thou seek upon my Head?

Dow. Know then, my Name is *Dowglass*,
And I do haunt thee in the Battel thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to day hath bought
Thy Likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* Death.

Fight, Blunt is slain, then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglass*, hast thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumph'd o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the

Hot. Where?

(King.)

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglass*? No, I know this Face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title thou hast bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'll murder all his Ward-robe Piece by Piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our Soldier's stand full fairly for the Day.

(*Exeunt.*

Alarm.

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the Shot here: Here's no scoring, but upon the Pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's Honour for you; here's no Vanity; I am as hot as moulten Lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n keep Lead out of me, I need no more Weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my Rag-o-Muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the Towns end to beg during Life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy Many a noble Man lyes stark and stiff (Sword,
Under the Hoofs of vaunting Enemies, (Sword.
Whose Deaths are unreveng'd. Prithce lend me thy

Fal. O *Hal*, I prithee give me leave to breath a while, Turk *Gregory* never did such Deeds in Arms, as I have done this Day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my Sword: but take my pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the Case?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a City.

(The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.)

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and Exit.]

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me Life, which if I can save, so; if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. (Exit.

SCENE III.

Alarm, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I prithee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bledest too much: Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with *Lan.* Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too. (him.

P. Henry. I beseech your Majesty make up,
Left your Retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 77

K. Henry. I will do so:

My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your
(Help,

And Heav'n forbid a shallow Scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a Field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lyes trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in Massacres.

Lan. We breath too long; come Cousin *Westmorland*,
Our Duty this way lyes, for Heav'n's sake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee Lord of such a Spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the Point,
With lustier Maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. O this Boy, lends Mettle to us all. (Exit.

Enter Dowglass.

Dow. Another King? they grow like *Hydra's* Heads:
I am the *Dowglass* fatal to all those
That wear those Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the Person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglass*, grieves
So many of his Shadows thou hast met, (at Heart
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Slew *Percy* and thy Self about the Field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: So defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

(They fight: The King being in Danger, Enter Prince
Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy Head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of valiant *Sherby*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in thy Arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threats thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

(They fight, Dowglass flyeth.)

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for Succour sent,
 And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay and breath a while.

Thou hast redeem'd my lost Opinion,
 And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my Life.
 In this tear Rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did me too much Injury,
 That ever said I hearkned to your Death.
 If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Dowglass over you,
 Which would have been as speedy in your end,
 As all the poisonous Potions in the World,
 And sav'd the treacherous Labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas
 Gawsey. *(Exit.)*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my Name.

Hot. My Name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why then I see a very valiant Rebel of that
 I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy, (Name
 To share with me in Glory any more:

Two Stars keep not their Motion in one Sphere,
 Nor can one England brook a double Reign,
 Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the Hour is come
 To end the one of us; and would to Heav'n
 Thy Name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, e'er I part from thee,
 And all the budding Honours on thy Crest,
 I'll crop, to make a Garland for my Head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. *(Fight.)*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal, to it Hal. Nay, you shall find no
 Boys Play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglass, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down
 as if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry thou hast robb'd me of my Youth:
 I better brook the Loss of Brittle Life,

Than

Than those proud Titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, than thy sword my
Flesh:

But thought's the Slave of Life, and Life Time's Fool;
And Time that takes survey of all the World,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold Hand of Death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No, *Percy*, thou art Dust,
And Food for _____

(Dies.

P. Henry. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Farewel, great
Heart:

Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much Art thou shrunk!

When that this Body did contain a Spirit,

A Kingdom for it was too small a Bound:

But now two Paces of the vilest Earth

Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of Courtesie,

I should not make so great a show of Zeal.

But let my favours hide thy mangled Face,

And ev'n in thy behalt, I'll thank my self

For doing these fair Rites of Tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heav'n,

Thy Ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,

But not remembred in thy Epitaph. (He sees Falstaff.

What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this flesh

Keep in a little Life? Poor *Jack*, farewell.

I could have better spar'd a better Man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with Vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to Day,

Though many a dearer in this bloody Fray:

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,

'Til then in blood my noble *Percy* lye.

(Exit.

Falstaff rises up.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowel me to Day, I'll
give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to Morrow.

'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot*
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit, _____ I am

no Counterfeit; to die, is to be a Counterfeit; for he is
but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the life of a

Man:

Man? But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect Image of Life indeed. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my Life. I am afraid of this Gun-Powder Percy, though he be dead: How if he shall counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no Body sees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new Wound in your Thigh, come you along with me.

(Takes Hot-spur on his Back.

Enter Prince Henry and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou Thy Maiden Sword. (fleht)

Lan. But soft, who have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathless, and bleeding on the Ground: Art thou alive,
Or is it Fantasie that plays upon our Eye-sight?
I prithee speak, we will not trust our Eyes
Without our Ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man; but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, so; if not let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd, my self, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, 'how the World is given to Lying! I grant you I was down and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock: If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my Death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest Tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.
Come bring your Luggage nobly on your Back:

For

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 81

For my part, if a Lye may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest Terms I have.

(*A Retreat is sounded.*)

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the Day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the Field,
To see what Friends are living who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for Reward. He that re-
wards me, Heav'n reward him. If I do grow great a-
gain, I'll grow less; for I'll pur'ge, and leave Sack, and
live cleanly, as a Noble-Man should do. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

*The Trumpets sound: Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales,
Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with
Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke,
Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and terms of Love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our Offers contrary?
Misuse the Tenor of thy Kinsman's Trust?
Three Knights upon our party slain to Day,
A noble Earl and many a Creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly born,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What have I done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too,
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

[*Ex. Worcester and Vernon.*]

How goes the Field?

P. Henry. The noble *Scot*, Lord *Dowglas*, when he
The Fortune of the Day quite turn'd from him, (*saw*
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his Men
Upon the Foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a Hill, he was so bruised
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my Heart.

P. Henry.

82 K. H E N R Y IV. and

P. Henry. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaster*,
To you this Honourable Bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglass*, and deliver him
Up to his Pleasure, ransomless and free :
His Valour shewn upon our Crests to Day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the Bosom of our Adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our
You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*, (Power.
Towards *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear are busily in Arms.
My self and my Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Check of such another Day;
And since this Business so far is done,
Let's not leave off 'till all our own be won.

[Exeunt.

FINIS.



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